TREASURE CHEST

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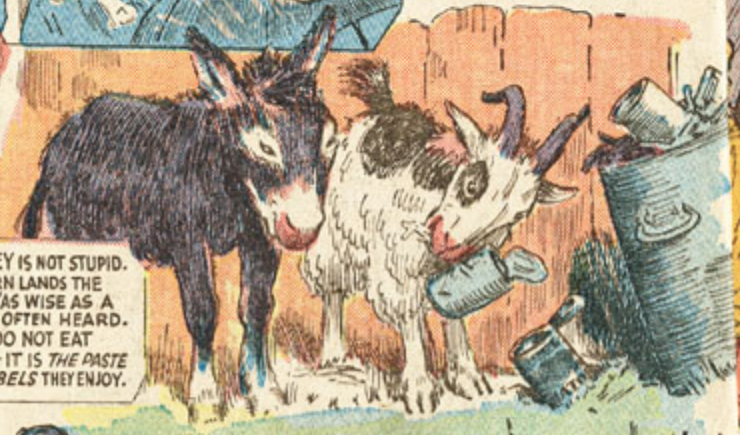
DEBUNKING THE ANIMAL!

NO ONE BELIEVES THAT IT REALLY RAINS "CATS AND DOGS" BUT SOME PEOPLE THINK THAT TOADS COME DOWN IN RAIN FROM THE SKY, WHICH, OF COURSE IS JUST AS SILLY.

BABY TOADS

THE BAT IS *NOT* BLIND. HE HAS EYES AND CAN SEE. HIS HEARING, HOWEVER, IS EXTREMELY KEEN, FOR HE DEPENDS ON IT TO AVOID OBSTACLES IN FLYING

THE SALAMANDER, A LIZARD-LIKE ANIMAL, WAS ONCE BELIEVED TO BE ABLE TO LIVE IN FIRE.



THE DONKEY IS NOT STUPID. IN EASTERN LANDS THE EXPRESSION "AS WISE AS A DONKEY" IS OFTEN HEARD. GOATS DO NOT EAT TIN CANS — IT IS *THE PASTE ON THE LABELS* THEY ENJOY.

AS BEAUTIFUL AS IT IS HARMLESS, THE DRAGON FLY IS WRONGLY CALLED "*THE DEVILS DARNING NEEDLE*." IT DESTROYS MYRIADS OF HARMFUL INSECTS.

THE CROCODILE DOES *NOT* SHED CROCODILE TEARS

THE PORCUPINE DOES *NOT* "SHOOT HIS QUILLS."

THE CAT HAS *NOT* NINE LIVES, BUT ONLY ONE, LIKE OTHER CREATURES.

Strothmann

TREASURE CHEST of FUN and FACTS Vol. I, No. 4. Published every two weeks during the school year, except during the holidays, by Geo. A. Pflaum, Publisher, Inc., 124 East Third St., Dayton, 2, Ohio. Application for entry as second class matter is pending. Single subscription, $1.50 per year, $2.00 in Canada. Subscription rates on quantity orders supplied on request. Printed in the U.S.A. Copyright, 1946 by Geo. A. Pflaum, Publisher, Inc. Also publisher of the YOUNG CATHOLIC MESSENGER, the JUNIOR CATHOLIC MESSENGER and OUR LITTLE MESSENGER.

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A Legend for Easter

This legend of the first Easter Eggs is one of drama and adventure and faith in God.

MARRY ME, AND I WILL GIVE YOU WEALTH, A CASTLE, AND A TITLE.

I HAVE NEITHER WEALTH NOR POSITION TO OFFER, BUT I LOVE YOU, ROSALIND.

LONG AGO, IN FEUDAL EUROPE, ROSALIND, THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY, HAD TWO HANDSOME SUITORS, HANNO, AND ARNO.

THEY SHALL HAVE NO HAPPINESS TOGETHER. I WILL SEE TO THAT.

FIVE YEARS OF HAPPINESS PASSED FOR ROSALIND AND ARNO.

THEY HAD TWO CHILDREN, A BOY, EDMUND, AND A GIRL, BLANDA.

SALIND
OVED ARNO TOO. THEY WERE MARRIED, MUCH TO THE ENVY OF HANNO.

DUTY CALLS! GOOD-BY, ROSALIND.

GOD SPEED YOU AND BLESS YOU, ARNO.

BY DADDA

ORD ARNO, THE MOSLEMS ARE VADING OUR SOUTHERN BORDERS. NLESS YOU LEAD THE VILLAGE FORCES AGAINST THEM, OUR LAND WILL BE OVERRUN.

HANNO IS CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD. WHY APPEAL TO ME?

ALL WAS SERENE IN THIS HAPPY ME UNTIL ONE AY AT DINNER-

HANNO HAD PLOTTED THIS SCHEME. HE TARRIED, WHILE ARNO WENT TO WAR TO SAVE THE COUNTRY.

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NOT REALIZING THAT THIS WAS A TRAP TO SEPARATE HIM FROM HIS FAMILY, ARNO LED HIS COUNTRYMEN TO THE SOUTHERN BORDER. HE WAS UNAWARE THAT HANNO WAS FURNISHING THE MOSLEMS WITH MONEY AND SUPPLIES.

LADY ROSALIND, THERE ARE FIVE STRANGERS IN THE VILLAGE. THEY ASKED WHERE YOU LIVED.

ZELDA, I FEAR FOR OUR SAFETY. DESCRIBE THE MEN TO ME.

MEANWHILE, ROSALIND AND THE CHILDREN WERE IN GRAVE DANGER.

COME, CHILDREN - WE MUST FLEE, OR WE SHALL BE MADE CAPTIVE.

ROSALIND LISTENED CAREFULLY. SHE HAD HEARD OF HANNO'S INTRIGUE. THEN....

MARY, OUR MOTHER PROTECT US!

THEY WALKED ON AND ON THROUGH THE FOREST.

SIR, MAY WE PLEASE HAVE REFUGE FOR THE NIGHT?

AT DUSK THEY REACHED A CLEARING. ROSALIND WENT TO A MILLER'S COTTAGE BY A CLIFF AND KNOCKED.

IF YOU HAVE NO SHELTER, YOU MAY SHARE OUR HOME AS LONG AS YOU WISH.

GOD BLESS YOU FOR YOUR KINDNESS, SIR! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

THE MILLER AND HIS WIFE GLADLY GAVE THE THREE WANDERERS LODGING FOR THE NIGHT.

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A YEAR PASSED WITHOUT WORD OF ARNO.
ROSALIND WAS HAPPY IN THE MILLERS HOME. EDMUND AND BLANDA TOO, HAD FOUND GOOD FRIENDS.
WHAT CAN YOU GIVE THEM TO EAT? NO FRUITS OR BERRIES ARE RIPE AT EASTER.
WE COULD GIVE THEM EGGS, BUT THEY ARE SO COLORLESS!
ROSALIND PLANNED AN EASTER PARTY FOR HER CHILDREN AND THEIR PLAYMATES.
ROSALIND WORKED TO MAKE THE PARTY GAY, PAINTING EGGS WITH BRIGHT FLOWERS AND VERSES.
"TO THEE, OUR EARTHLY FOOD WE OWE GRANT US, O LORD, THY GIFTS TO KNOW." — WHERE DID YOU GET THIS EGG, SON?
FROM A LOVELY LADY WHO LIVES NEAR OUR VILLAGE.
THE PARTY WAS GREAT FUN. ALL THE CHILDREN SAVED THE PRETTY EGGS. ONE BOY TOOK HIS ALONG WHEN HE VISITED AN AUNT TWENTY MILES AWAY. THERE HE SHOWED IT TO A PASSING PILGRIM, WHO READ THE VERSE ALOUD.
TOGETHER THEY SPED TOWARD ROSALIND'S HOUSE, WHERE THE PILGRIM FLUNG ASIDE HIS CLOAK, AND CLAD IN ARMOR, FACED HIS WIFE.
I WILL ALWAYS KEEP THIS PRECIOUS EGG AS A SYMBOL OF YOUR KIND HEART. GOD REWARDED YOU FOR MAKING EASTER HAPPY AND HOLY FOR THE LITTLE CHILDREN ABOUT YOU.
LET US HAVE A PARTY EVERY EASTER, ARNO, AND COLOR EGGS.
WONDERFUL!
MOTHER, COULD WE CALL THEM EASTER EGGS?
ROSALIND, I THOUGHT I SHOULD NEVER FIND YOU!
IT IS YOU, ARNO! THANK GOD YOU ARE SAFE!
VIOLET MOORE HIGGINS
SO THE BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM ORIGINATING WITH ROSALIND AND ARNO, SOON SPREAD FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE, AND TODAY IS KNOWN AROUND THE WORLD.

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ALL ABOARD

THE STORY OF RAILROADS

BY LAURENCE WING

NOW WE COME TO ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENTS. REMEMBER HOW THEY USED TO STOP A TRAIN?

YES, BY GRABBING IT WITH THEIR HANDS.

LATER, BRAKES WERE APPLIED TO THE CARS INDIVIDUALLY. STOPPING A TRAIN WAS A DIFFICULT PROCESS. IT TOOK A LONG TIME. THERE HAD TO BE A BRAKEMAN ON EACH CAR.

WHAT HAPPENED, CONDUCTOR?

THEY COULDN'T STOP IN TIME, MR. WESTINGHOUSE.

SHORTLY AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, MECHANICALLY-MINDED GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE WAS ON A TRAIN HELD UP BY A WRECK.

IF AN ENGINEER HAD SOME WAY OF SETTING THE BRAKES FROM HIS CAB INSTEAD OF DEPENDING ON A CREW OF MEN, WRECKS COULD BE AVOIDED.

WILL YOU SUBSCRIBE TO THIS MAGAZINE, SIR?

IN THE MAGAZINE, WESTINGHOUSE READ A DESCRIPTION OF THE USE OF COMPRESSED AIR IN ROCK DRILLS. LONG PIPES CARRIED THE AIR TO THE DRILLS.

THIS METHOD CAN BE USED ON A TRAIN!

LIVING AGE

WESTINGHOUSE HAD TO SPEND HIS OWN MONEY TO MAKE AND INSTALL HIS FIRST AIR BRAKE. BUT HE WAS ABLE TO EQUIP A FOUR-CAR TRAIN.

THERE YOU ARE, GENTLEMEN. ARE YOU READY FOR THE DEMONSTRATION?

IMAGINE, STOPPING A TRAIN BY AIR! I DON'T BELIEVE IT IS POSSIBLE.

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WESTINGHOUSE INTENDED TO RUN HIS TRAIN SEVERAL MILES INTO THE COUNTRY BEFORE GIVING HIS DEMONSTRATION.
RELAX, GENTLEMEN. I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN THE DEMONSTRATION WILL BEGIN.
B&O
I CAN'T CONTROL MY HORSE.
LOOK OUT! THE TRAIN'S COMING!
AN UNEXPECTED TEST . . .
WE'VE STRUCK SOMETHING!
SAVED BY THE AIR BRAKE!
I'M SORRY WE HAD TO STOP SO SUDDENLY. BUT A TRAGEDY HAS BEEN AVERTED, THANKS TO MY AIR BRAKE.
A WONDERFUL INVENTION!
A GREAT CONTRIBUTION TO RAILROAD SAFETY!
SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT HAPPENED IN 1869, THE YEAR AFTER WESTINGHOUSE INVENTED THE AIR BRAKE. THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD!
I WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT!

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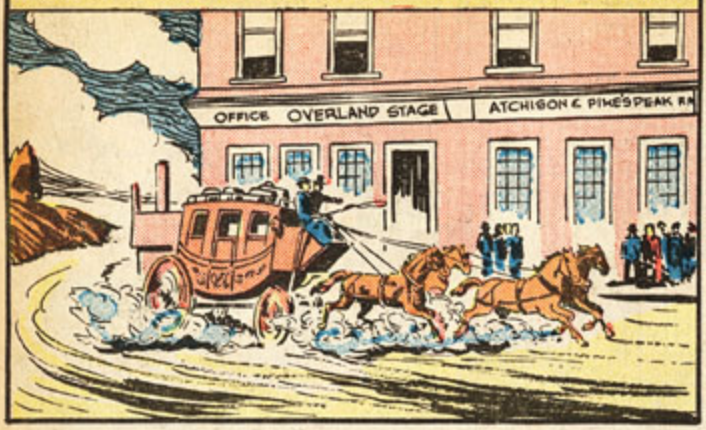
IT TOOK 25 DAYS OF DAY AND NIGHT TRAVEL TO GET FROM ST. LOUIS TO SAN FRANCISCO BY STAGECOACH.



THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD IS NOW A FACT.

ALL EXCEPT THE BUILDING OF THE ROAD.

1861. THROUGH EFFORTS OF THEODORE D. JUDAH, YOUNG ENGINEER, THE CENTRAL PACIFIC R.R. WAS FORMED. ORIGINAL FOUNDERS WERE LELAND STANFORD, COLLINS P. HUNTINGTON, AND CHARLES CROCKER.

WE MUST HAVE HELP TO BUILD THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD.

THE GOVERNMENT WILL LEND YOU $16,000 TO $48,000 A MILE, DEPENDING ON THE KIND OF TERRAIN YOU BUILD ON.

YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT THE FINANCIAL PART OF THE STORY, DO YOU? IT WASN'T VERY PLEASANT.

I'M NOT VERY GOOD AT ARITHMETIC.

SHIPPING MATERIALS FOR THE RAILROAD WAS A TREMENDOUS TASK. LIGHTER MATERIAL WENT FROM EAST TO WEST VIA THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA, HEAVIER MATERIAL WENT AROUND SOUTH AMERICA.

ABOUT THE SAME TIME THE CENTRAL PACIFIC BEGAN TO BUILD EASTWARD, THE UNION PACIFIC BROKE GROUND AT OMAHA, NEBRASKA, AND STARTED ITS WAY WESTWARD.

GET YOUR BACKS INTO IT.

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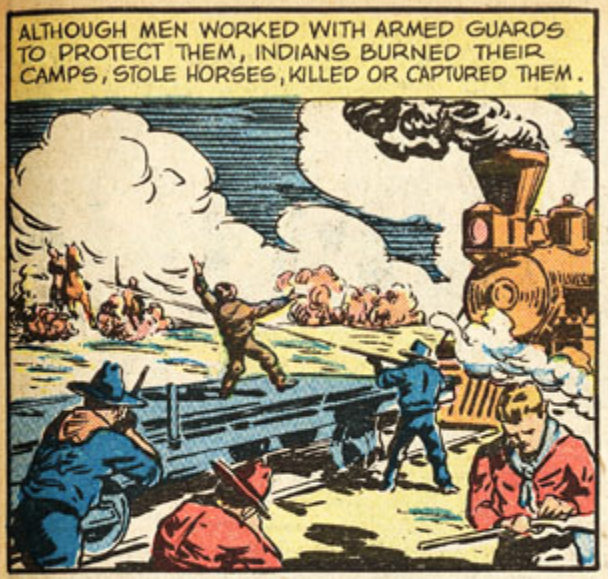

THE PACE OF WORK WAS FEVERISH. THE MEN DROVE THEMSELVES WITHOUT REST.
COME ON, COME ON, LET'S GO. GET THOSE TIES DOWN. HURRY! TWO MEN ON A RAIL! SNAP TO IT!

FINALLY, AFTER MANY HARDSHIPS, THE TWO LINES MET AT PROMONTORY POINT, UTAH, ON MAY 10, 1869.
CALIFORNIA OFFERS THIS SPIKE OF GOLD FOR THE LAST TIE.
ARIZONA'S IS OF SILVER.
A SPIKE OF SILVER FOR NEVADA.

THAT WAS THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD. THERE WERE OTHERS AFTERWARDS. AND RAILROADS GREW BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS FROM THEN ON.
IS THAT THE WHOLE STORY?

OH, NO, ONLY PART OF THE STORY. TODAY'S TRAINS ARE WONDERFUL. BUT LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THE TRAINS OF TOMORROW. THERE ARE MANY IMPROVEMENTS BEING MADE...

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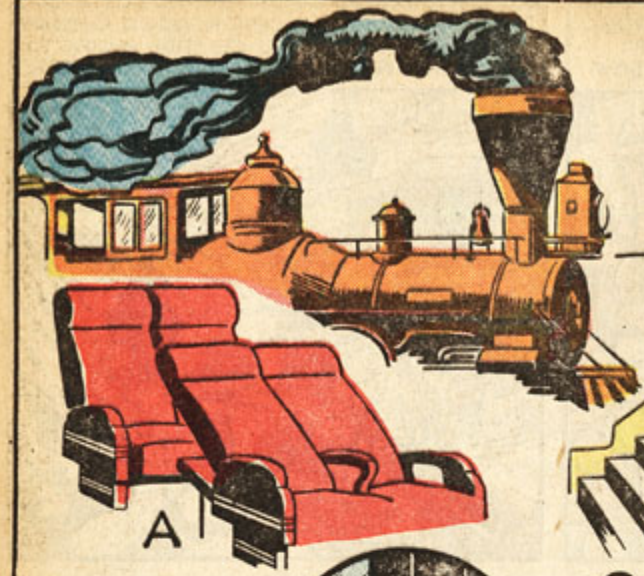
A-DAY AND NIGHT COACH
B-PRIVATE ROOM
C-THREE DECK COACH
D-PRIVATE DINING ROOM



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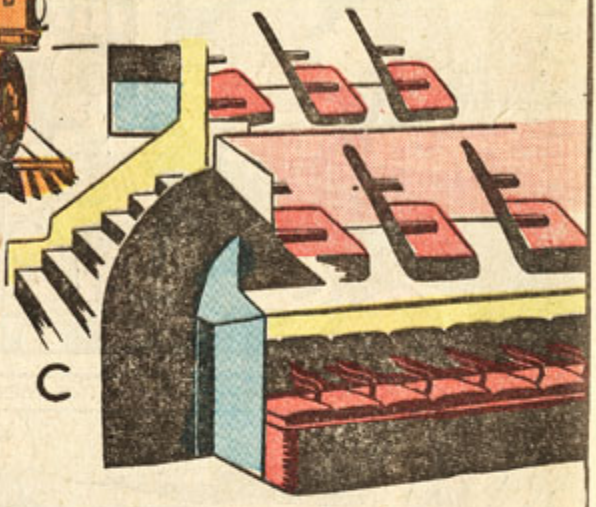

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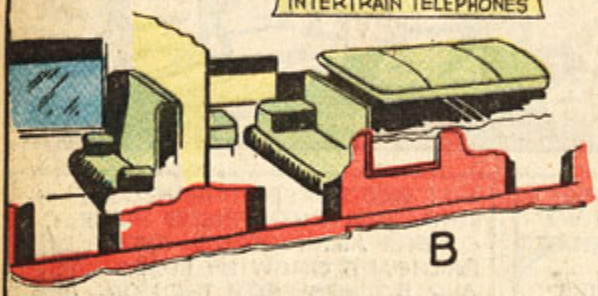
INTERTRAIN TELEPHONES



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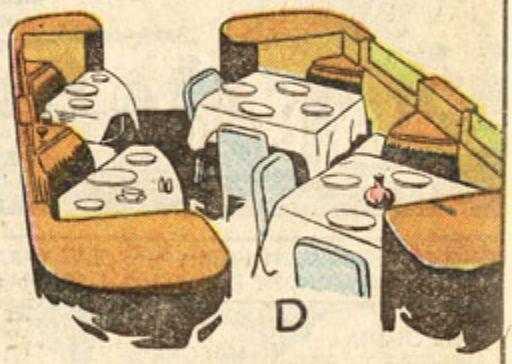

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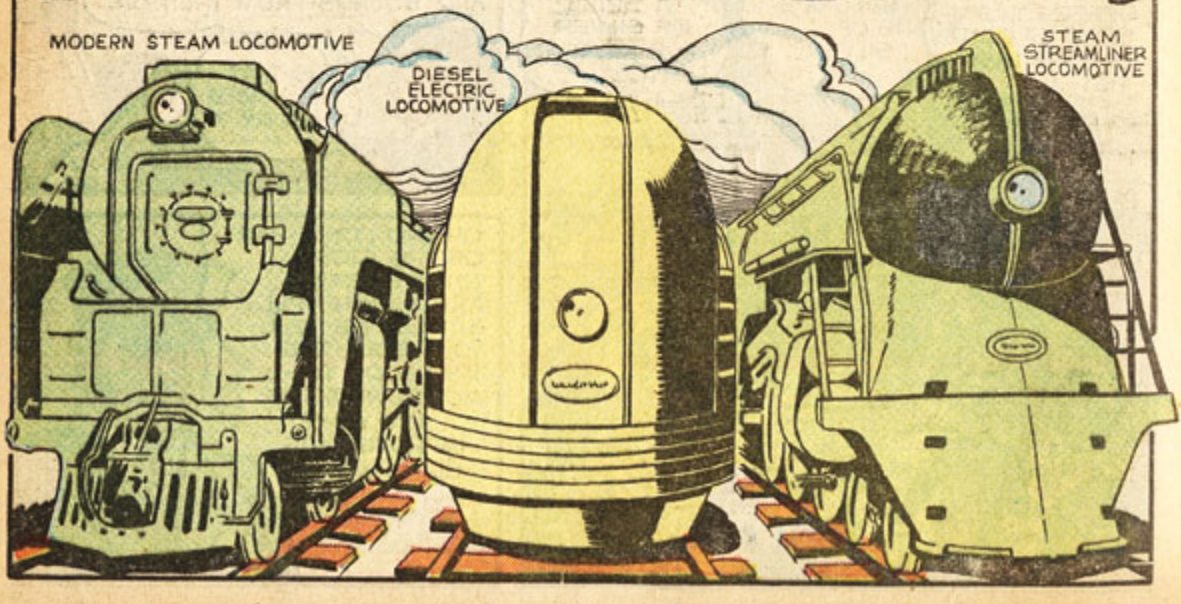

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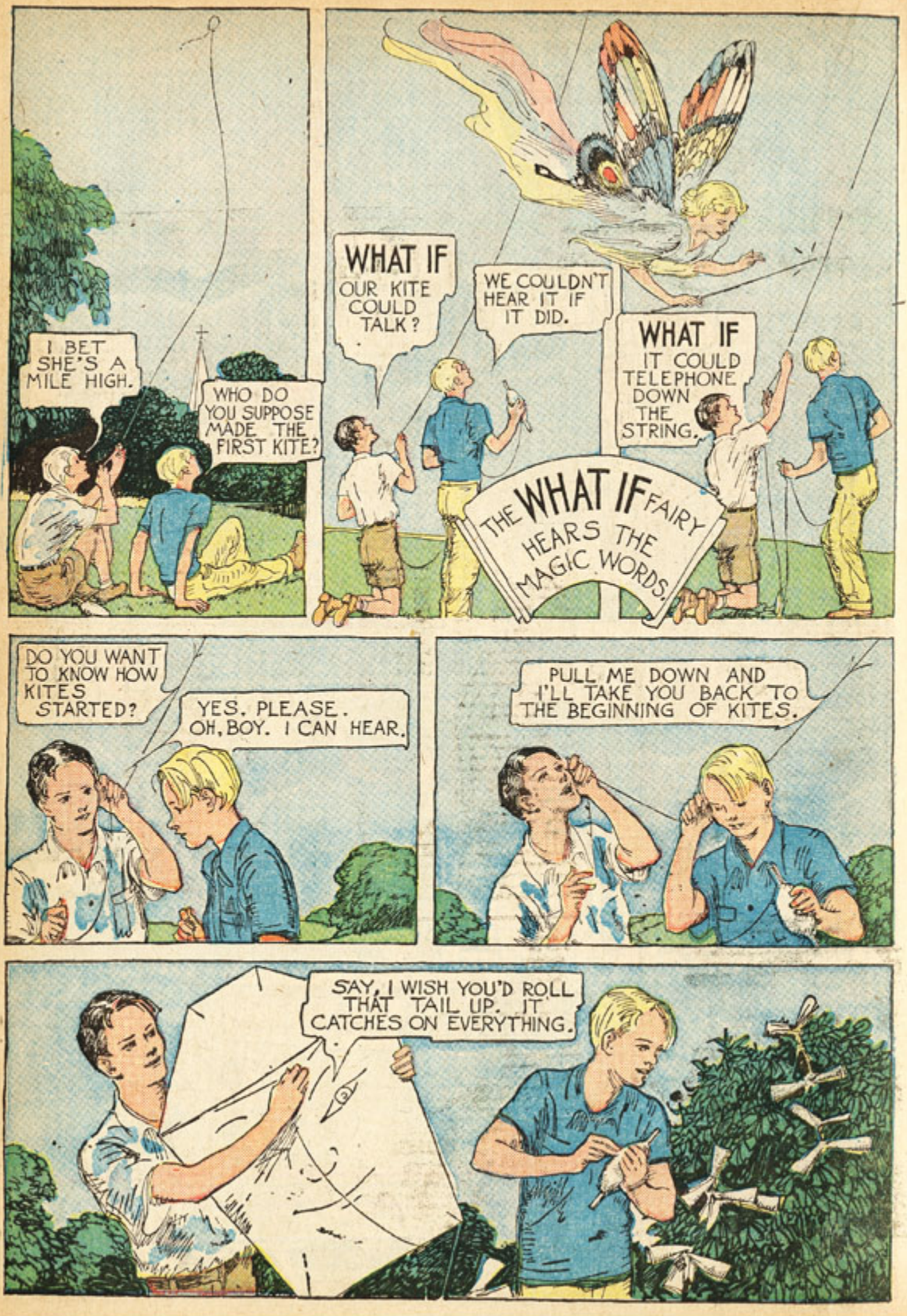
I BET SHE'S A MILE HIGH.
WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE MADE THE FIRST KITE?
WHAT IF OUR KITE COULD TALK?
WE COULDN'T HEAR IT IF IT DID.
WHAT IF IT COULD TELEPHONE DOWN THE STRING.
THE WHAT IF FAIRY HEARS THE MAGIC WORDS.
DO YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW KITES STARTED?
YES. PLEASE. OH, BOY. I CAN HEAR.
PULL ME DOWN AND I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO THE BEGINNING OF KITES.
SAY, I WISH YOU'D ROLL THAT TAIL UP. IT CATCHES ON EVERYTHING.

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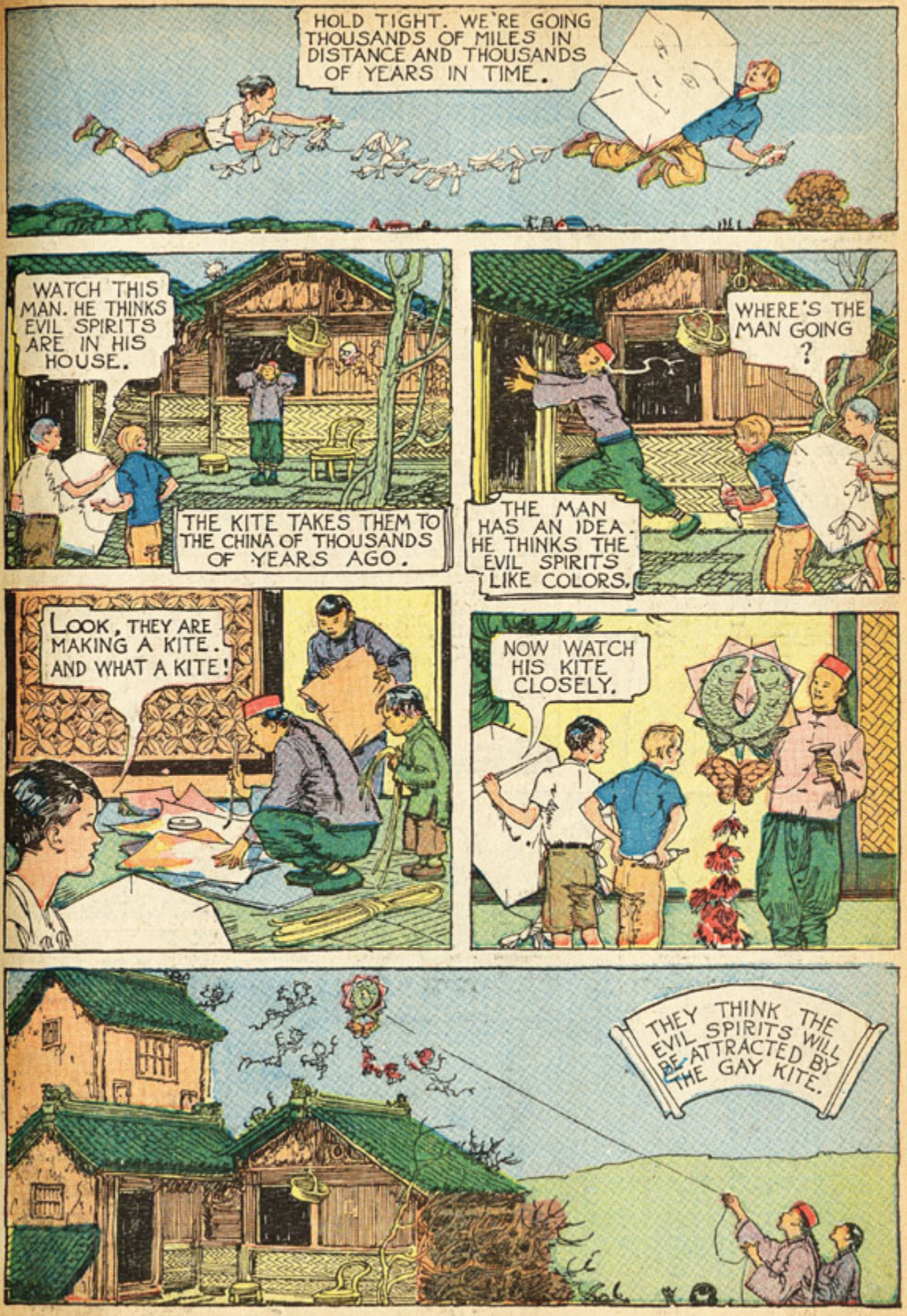
HOLD TIGHT. WE'RE GOING THOUSANDS OF MILES IN DISTANCE AND THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN TIME.
WATCH THIS MAN. HE THINKS EVIL SPIRITS ARE IN HIS HOUSE.
THE KITE TAKES THEM TO THE CHINA OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO.
WHERE'S THE MAN GOING ?
THE MAN HAS AN IDEA. HE THINKS THE EVIL SPIRITS LIKE COLORS.
LOOK, THEY ARE MAKING A KITE. AND WHAT A KITE!
NOW WATCH HIS KITE CLOSELY.
THEY THINK THE EVIL SPIRITS WILL BE ATTRACTED BY THE GAY KITE.

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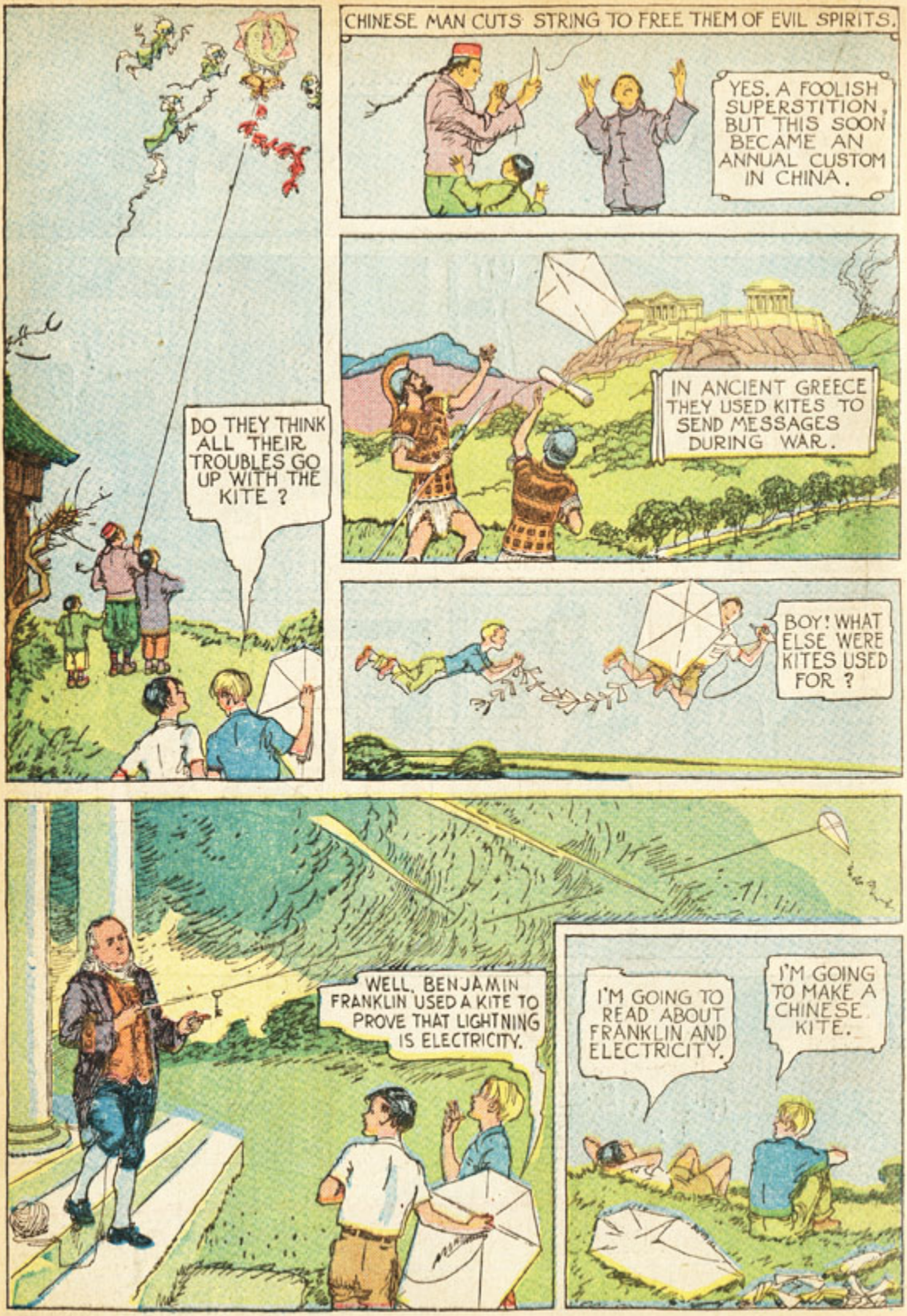
DO THEY THINK ALL THEIR TROUBLES GO UP WITH THE KITE ?
CHINESE MAN CUTS STRING TO FREE THEM OF EVIL SPIRITS.
YES. A FOOLISH SUPERSTITION, BUT THIS SOON BECAME AN ANNUAL CUSTOM IN CHINA.
IN ANCIENT GREECE THEY USED KITES TO SEND MESSAGES DURING WAR.
BOY! WHAT ELSE WERE KITES USED FOR ?
WELL, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN USED A KITE TO PROVE THAT LIGHTNING IS ELECTRICITY.
I'M GOING TO READ ABOUT FRANKLIN AND ELECTRICITY.
I'M GOING TO MAKE A CHINESE KITE.

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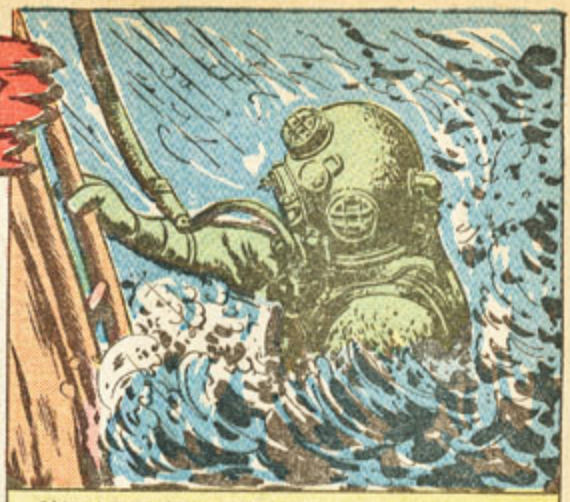
SKEE BARRY

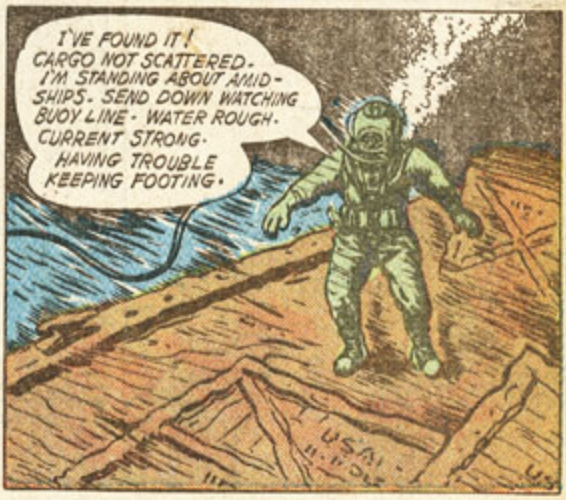
SALVAGE DIVER··U·S·N·

PART 4

GO DOWN AND EXAMINE WRECK· GIVE ME DETAILS OVER YOUR PHONE· BEFORE YOU COME BACK UP MARK THE LOCATION OF WRECK WITH WATCHING BUOY· THAT'S ALL· GOT IT?
AYE, AYE, SIR·



SKEE DESCENDS INTO THE STORMY WATERS OF THE NORTH RIVER. HE MUST USE EVERY PRECAUTION WHILE BELOW IN THE ROUGH CURRENT AND COMPLETE DARKNESS, IF HE'S TO COME UP SAFE AGAIN.


I'VE FOUND IT! CARGO NOT SCATTERED· I'M STANDING ABOUT AMIDSHIPS· SEND DOWN WATCHING BUOY LINE· WATER ROUGH· CURRENT STRONG· HAVING TROUBLE KEEPING FOOTING·

SALVAGE BOAT IS OVER WRECK· RETURN TO YOUR DESCENDING LINE· WE'RE SENDING DOWN BUOY·
OKAY·
LAFFY, BETTER GET INSIDE, YOU'LL BE SICK·

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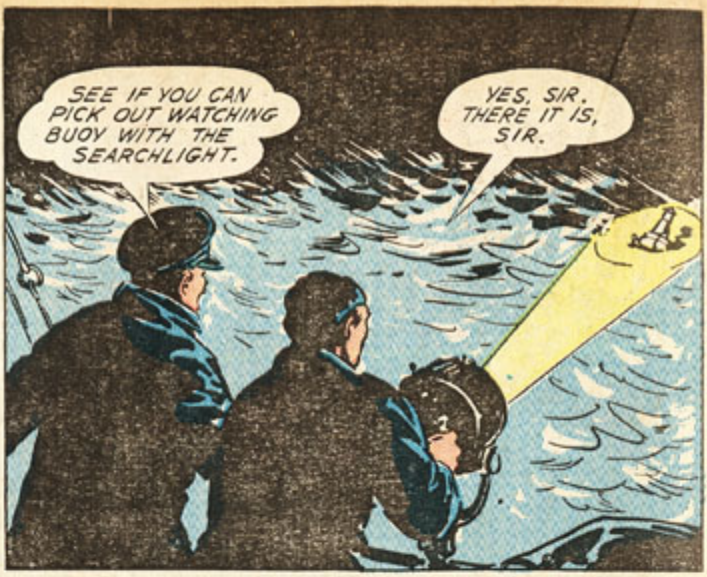

WE'LL BE BACK TO SALVAGE TOMORROW MORNING, COLONEL, WEATHER PERMITTING. WRECK IS MARKED WITH BUOY.
GOOD. WE'LL HOLD UP FREIGHTER UNTIL WE HEAR FROM YOU.
WATCHING BUOY

NEXT MORNING: WEATHER, THOUGH CLOUDY, IS CALM ENOUGH FOR DIVING - CREW GOES ABOARD AT 0800.

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LAFFY SUCCEEDS IN GETTING ABOARD AND HIDES WHILE ----

SAILORS LOOK FOR HIM.

THREE DIVERS – SKEE AND TWO OF HIS SHIPMATES– ARE DRESSED TO BEGIN SALVAGING THE SUNKEN GUNS.

BELOW, DOWN IN ABOUT SEVENTY FEET OF WATER, SKEE AND THE OTHERS ATTACH CABLES TO CASES OF GUNS.

GUNS ARE HOISTED BY CRANES ABOARD AN EMERGENCY BARGE.

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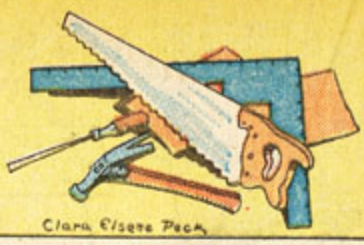
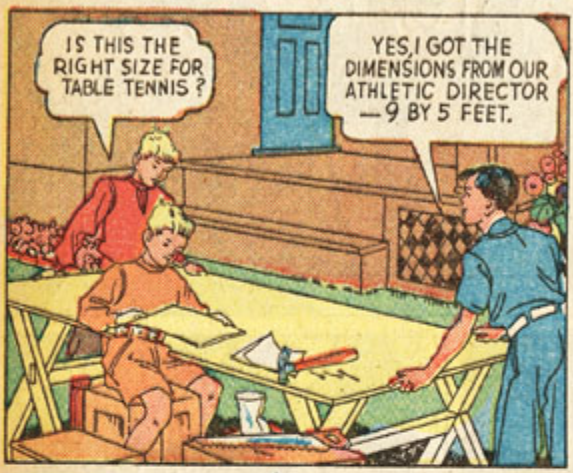
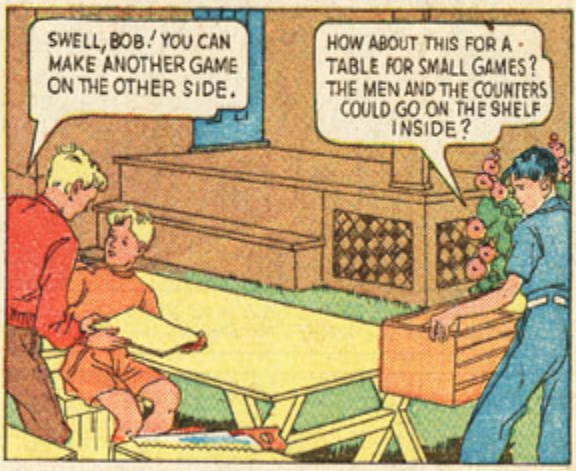
The ROBINSONS' RUMPUS ROOM



Clara Elsete Peck




SWELL, BOB! YOU CAN MAKE ANOTHER GAME ON THE OTHER SIDE.
HOW ABOUT THIS FOR A TABLE FOR SMALL GAMES? THE MEN AND THE COUNTERS COULD GO ON THE SHELF INSIDE?

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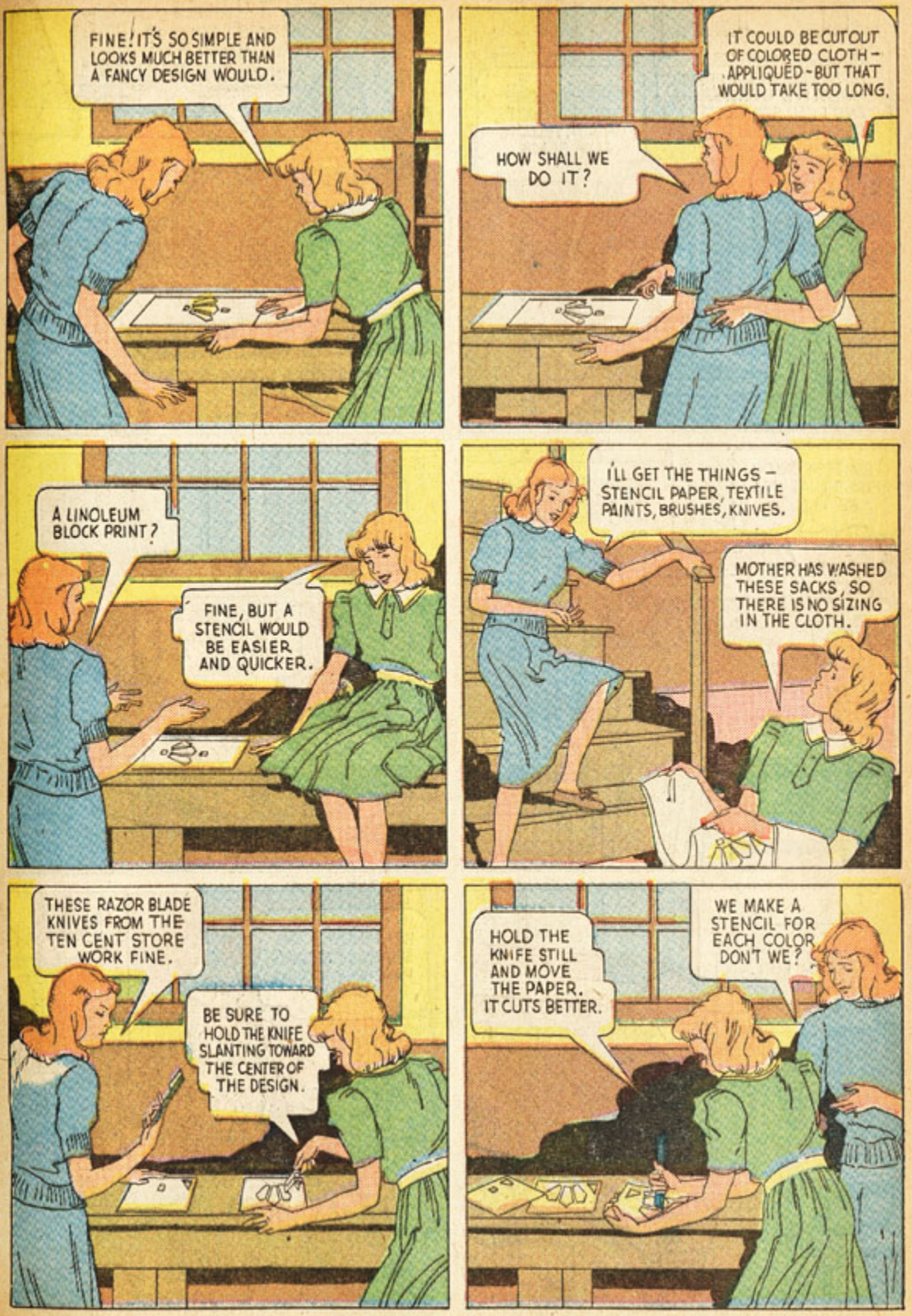
FINE! IT'S SO SIMPLE AND LOOKS MUCH BETTER THAN A FANCY DESIGN WOULD.
IT COULD BE CUTOUT OF COLORED CLOTH - APPLIQUED - BUT THAT WOULD TAKE TOO LONG.
HOW SHALL WE DO IT?
A LINOLEUM BLOCK PRINT?
FINE, BUT A STENCIL WOULD BE EASIER AND QUICKER.
I'LL GET THE THINGS - STENCIL PAPER, TEXTILE PAINTS, BRUSHES, KNIVES.
MOTHER HAS WASHED THESE SACKS, SO THERE IS NO SIZING IN THE CLOTH.
THESE RAZOR BLADE KNIVES FROM THE TEN CENT STORE WORK FINE.
BE SURE TO HOLD THE KNIFE SLANTING TOWARD THE CENTER OF THE DESIGN.
HOLD THE KNIFE STILL AND MOVE THE PAPER. IT CUTS BETTER.
WE MAKE A STENCIL FOR EACH COLOR, DON'T WE?

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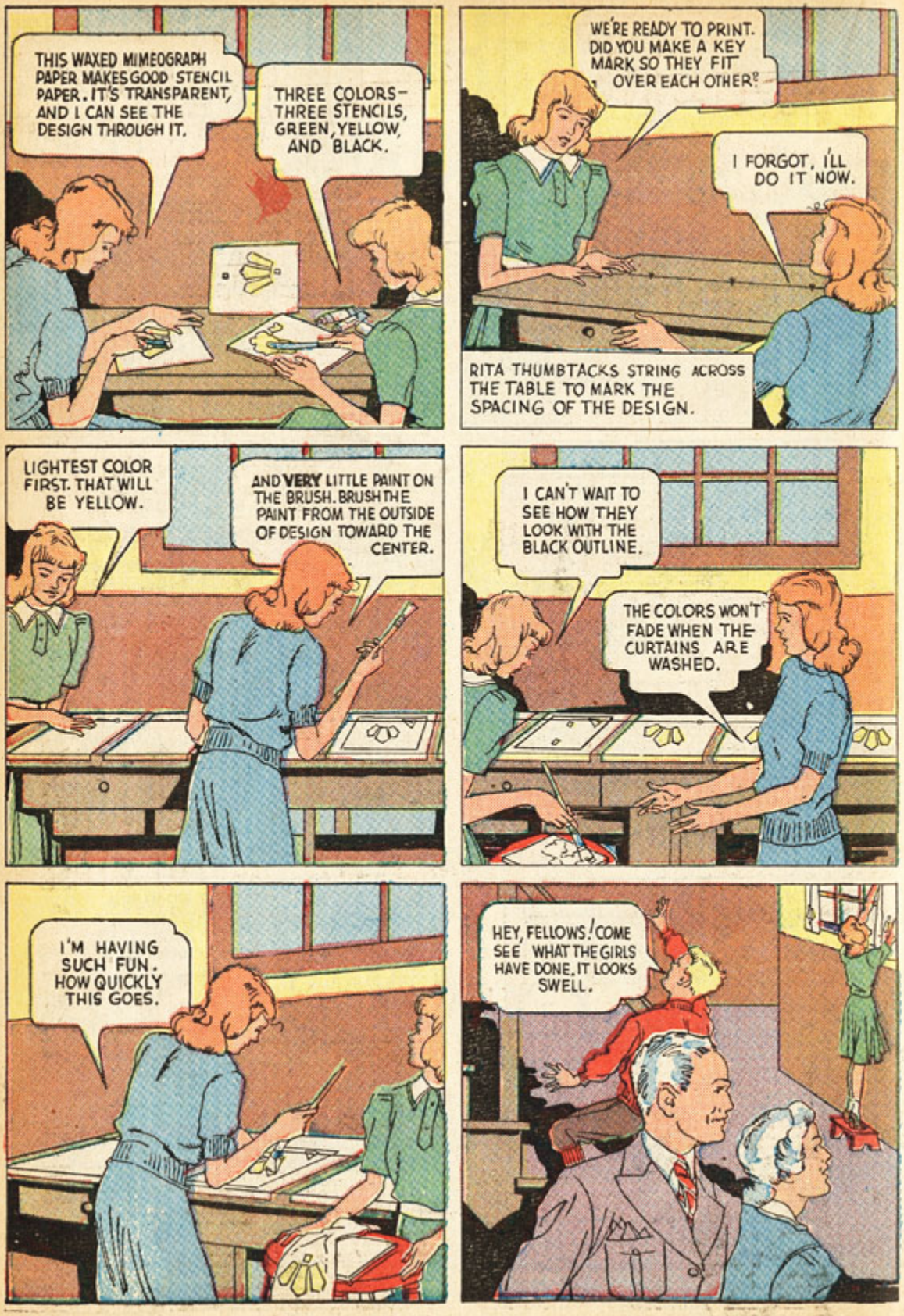
THIS WAXED MIMEOGRAPH PAPER MAKES GOOD STENCIL PAPER. IT'S TRANSPARENT, AND I CAN SEE THE DESIGN THROUGH IT.
THREE COLORS— THREE STENCILS, GREEN, YELLOW, AND BLACK.
WE'RE READY TO PRINT. DID YOU MAKE A KEY MARK SO THEY FIT OVER EACH OTHER?
I FORGOT, I'LL DO IT NOW.
RITA THUMBTACKS STRING ACROSS THE TABLE TO MARK THE SPACING OF THE DESIGN.
LIGHTEST COLOR FIRST. THAT WILL BE YELLOW.
AND VERY LITTLE PAINT ON THE BRUSH. BRUSH THE PAINT FROM THE OUTSIDE OF DESIGN TOWARD THE CENTER.
I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HOW THEY LOOK WITH THE BLACK OUTLINE.
THE COLORS WON'T FADE WHEN THE CURTAINS ARE WASHED.
I'M HAVING SUCH FUN. HOW QUICKLY THIS GOES.
HEY, FELLOWS! COME SEE WHAT THE GIRLS HAVE DONE. IT LOOKS SWELL.

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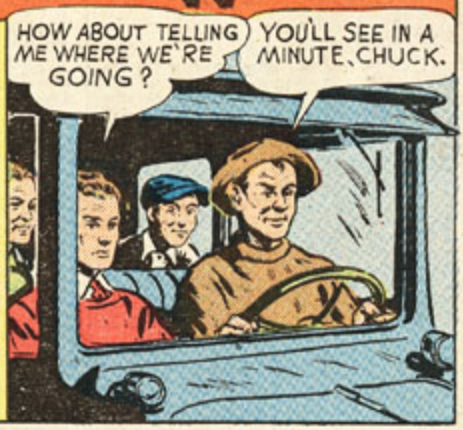
CHUCK WHITE

PART 4

CHUCK WHITE HAD QUARRELED WITH JOE KELLY AT ST. JOHN'S HIGH SCHOOL, THEN HAD JOINED BILL RANKIN'S GANG.



BILL LED THE WAY ACROSS THE VACANT LOT ON THE RUN.

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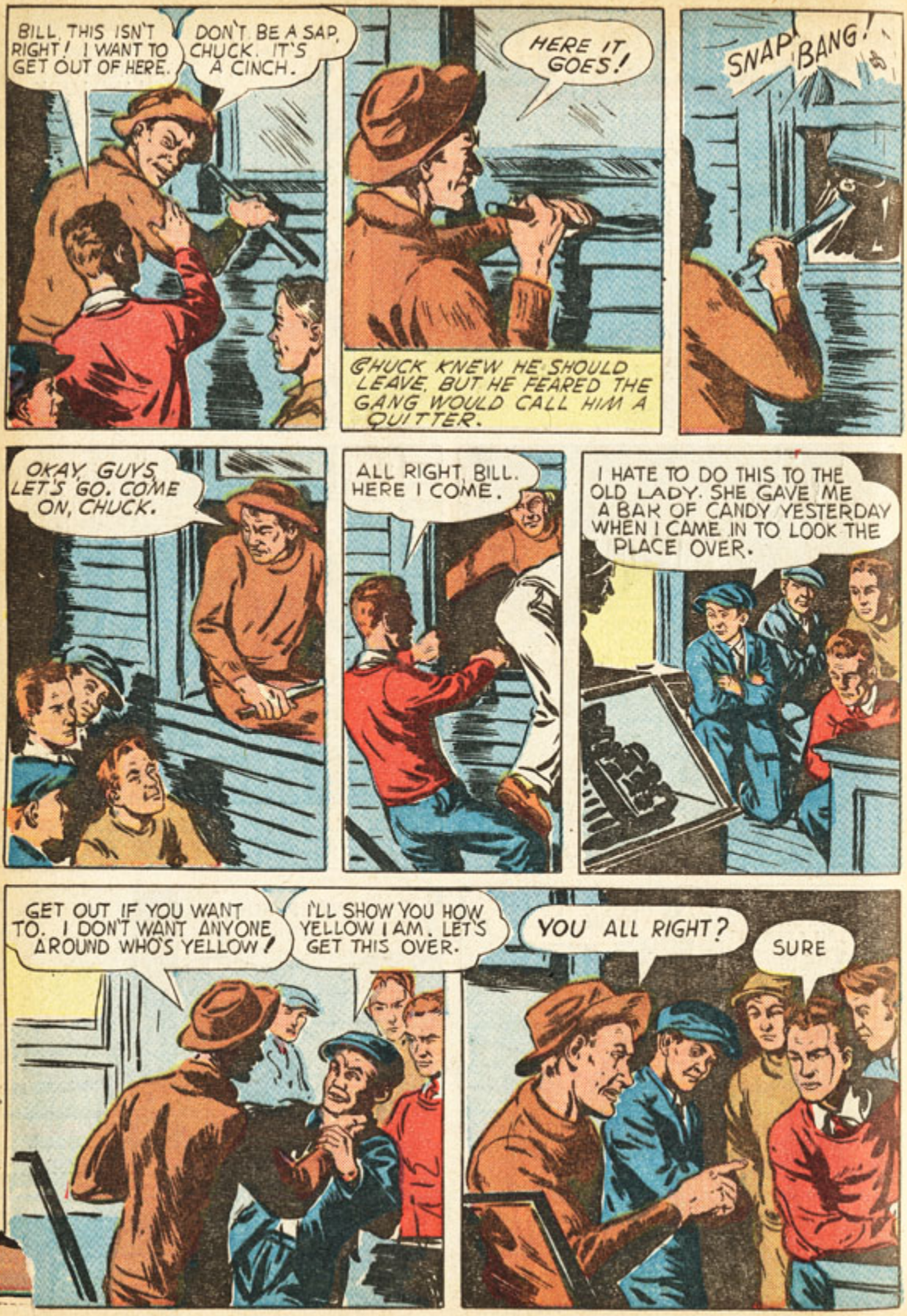
BILL, THIS ISN'T RIGHT! I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE.
DON'T BE A SAP, CHUCK. IT'S A CINCH.
HERE IT GOES!
CHUCK KNEW HE SHOULD LEAVE, BUT HE FEARED THE GANG WOULD CALL HIM A QUITTER.
SNAP! BANG!
OKAY, GUYS, LET'S GO. COME ON, CHUCK.
ALL RIGHT, BILL. HERE I COME.
I HATE TO DO THIS TO THE OLD LADY. SHE GAVE ME A BAR OF CANDY YESTERDAY WHEN I CAME IN TO LOOK THE PLACE OVER.
GET OUT IF YOU WANT TO. I DON'T WANT ANYONE AROUND WHO'S YELLOW!
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW YELLOW I AM. LET'S GET THIS OVER.
YOU ALL RIGHT?
SURE

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THIS STUFF ISN'T MUCH GOOD. COME ON, GUYS, LOOK AROUND.
WELL, LOOK WHAT I FOUND!
OH BOY, CHOCOLATES!
HEY, BILL, I THOUGHT WE WERE ONLY GOING TO TAKE CIGARETTES.
WHY OVER-LOOK ANYTHING?
SHUCKS. IT'S HARDLY WORTH THE TROUBLE.
I KNOW SOMETHING YOU'D LIKE TO HEAR.
WELL, GO ON AND SAY IT.
RIGHT AWAY! SEND ME A CAR AND WE'LL GET AFTER IT.

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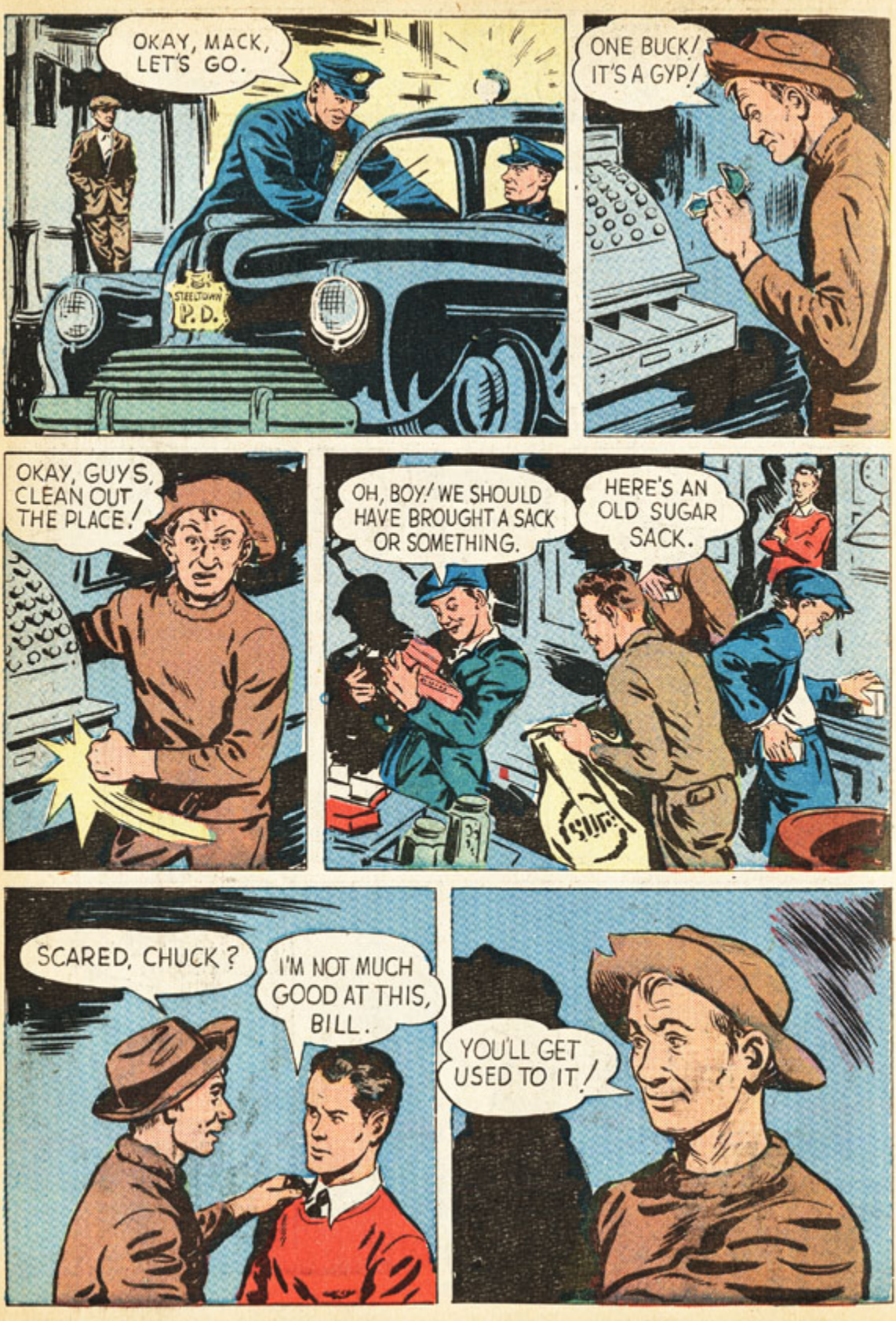
OKAY, MACK, LET'S GO.
STEELTOWN P.D.
ONE BUCK! IT'S A GYP!
OKAY, GUYS, CLEAN OUT THE PLACE!
OH, BOY! WE SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT A SACK OR SOMETHING.
HERE'S AN OLD SUGAR SACK.
SUGAR
SCARED, CHUCK?
I'M NOT MUCH GOOD AT THIS, BILL.
YOU'LL GET USED TO IT!

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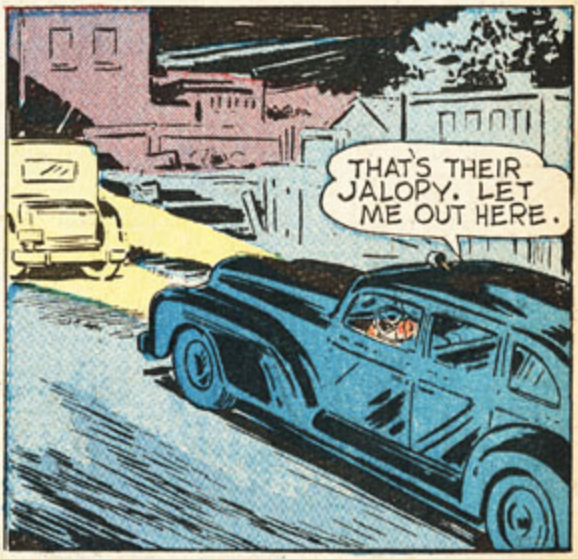

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ALABAMA — The Cotton State

ALABAMA was the INDIAN NAME of a TRIBE in the CREEK CONFEDERACY

BIRMINGHAM IS THE PITTSBURGH OF THE SOUTH.
the land of cotton and not forgotten look away
MOBILE, FOUNDED IN 1702 BY THE FRENCH, WAS THE SCENE OF OUR FIRST CARNIVAL, SINCE SPREAD TO OTHER CITIES.
IN MONTGOMERY JEFFERSON DAVIS BECAME PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA IN 1861.
HERMAN ARNOLD, ON THE WALLS OF THE OLD MONTGOMERY THEATER, ADAPTED "DIXIE," AN OLD MINSTREL SONG. "DIXIE" BECAME THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

ARIZONA — The Sunset State

Named in 1736 by the SPANIARDS, ARIDA ZONA (shortened to ARIZONA) means "dry belt."

HERE ARE SOME OF THE GREATEST COPPER MINES IN THE WORLD.
DESERTS AND THE PETRIFIED FOREST
FRA MARCOS DE NIZA FRANCISCAN PRIEST, WAS THE FIRST WHITE MAN TO ENTER ARIZONA - 1539.
SOME OF THE GREATEST DAMS IN THE WORLD, INCLUDING BOULDER DAM AND ROOSEVELT DAM
THE SCENIC WONDER OF THE WORLD— THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO RIVER.

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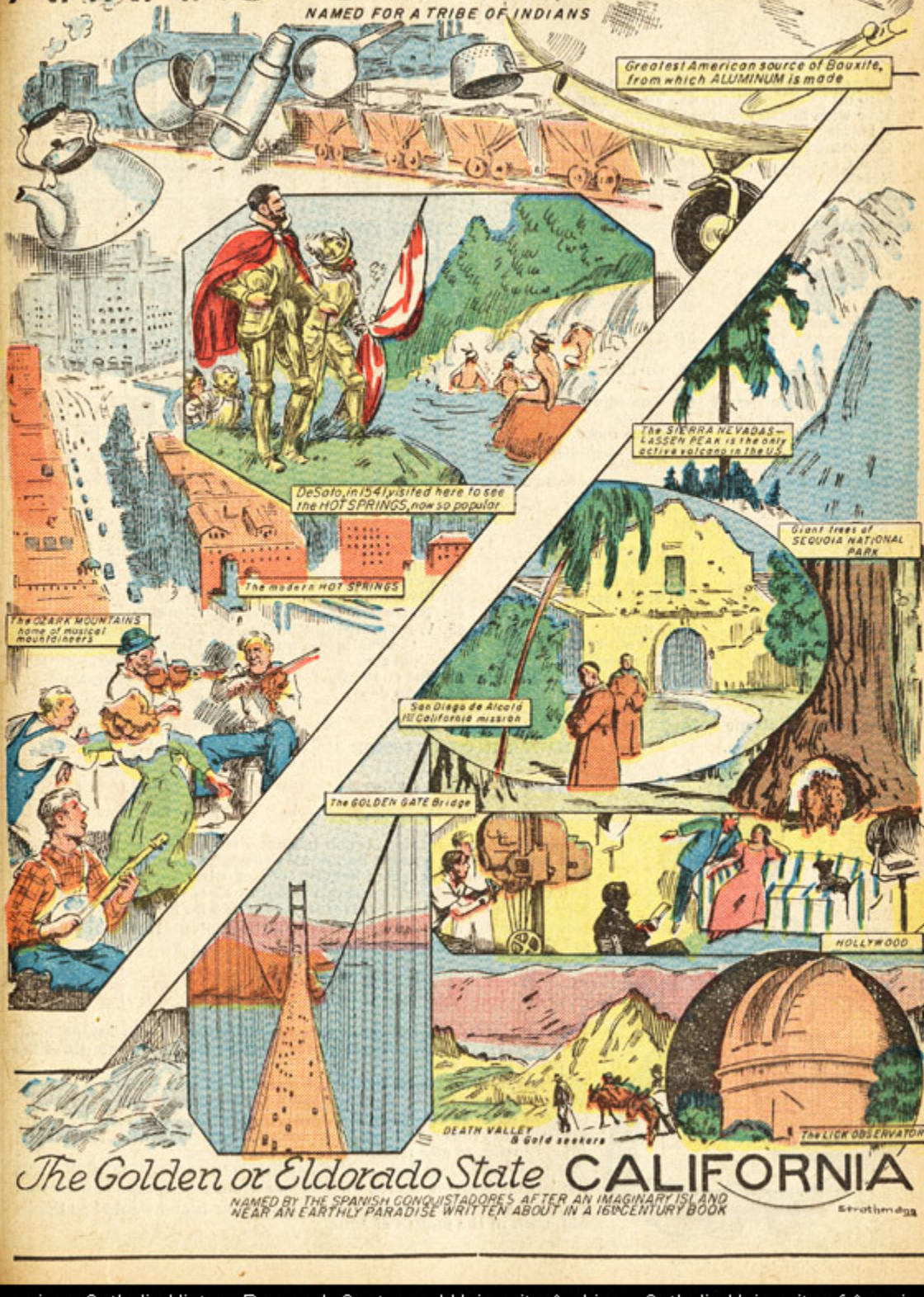
ARKANSAS (Pronounced AR-KAN-SAW) The Bear State

NAMED FOR A TRIBE OF INDIANS


Greatest American source of Bauxite, from which ALUMINUM is made
DeSoto, in 1541, visited here to see the HOT SPRINGS, now so popular
The modern HOT SPRINGS
The OZARK MOUNTAINS home of musical mountaineers
The SIERRA NEVADAS— LASSEN PEAK is the only active volcano in the U.S.
Giant trees of SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK
San Diego de Alcalá 18th California mission
The GOLDEN GATE Bridge
HOLLYWOOD
DEATH VALLEY & Gold seekers
The LICK OBSERVATORY

The Golden or Eldorado State CALIFORNIA

NAMED BY THE SPANISH CONQUISTADORES AFTER AN IMAGINARY ISLAND NEAR AN EARTHLY PARADISE WRITTEN ABOUT IN A 16th CENTURY BOOK

Strathmore

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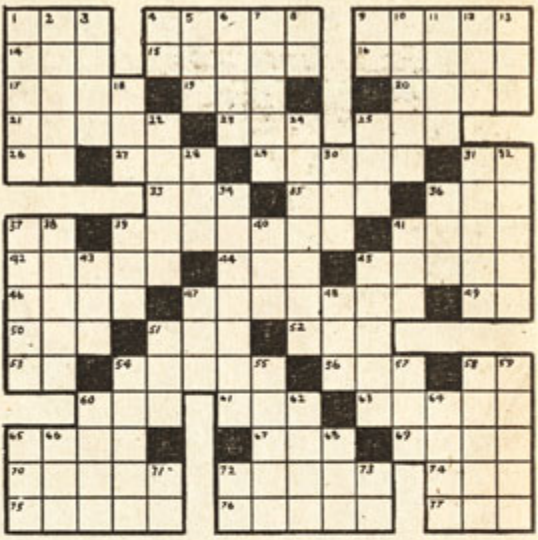
Puzzle & Game Page

By Jules Leopold



ACROSS

1. Rule of conduct
4. Rub off
9. Tree with fluttery leaves
14. Consumed
15. Casts
16. Beach
17. Painful
19. Insect
20. Imitated
21. Express contempt
23. Fuss
25. Gen. Eisenhower's nickname
26. Old English (abbr.)
27. Confederate general
29. Show mercy to
31. Preposition
33. Girl's name
35. Writing fluid
36. A high priest of Israel
37. South Britain (abbr.)
39. One of the United Nations
41. Just
42. This comes on a cob (plural)
44. Three (prefix)
45. To wait upon
46. Dry
47. Solved a secret message
49. Boy's nickname
50. Guided
51. Distant
52. Nothing
53. Doctor of Divinity (abbr.)
54. Tag
56. Stroke lightly
58. A continent (abbr.)
60. Small bed
61. Beavers build this
63. The Eucharistic wafer (plural)
65. Girl's name
67. Color
69. One who makes verses
70. Bends
72. Once more
74. ..... Maria
75. To slip
76. To prevent from action
77. By means of

DOWN

1. Lariat
2. Expiate
3. Form of "to be"
4. Exclamation of surprise
5. Subject to friction
6. Region
7. Snow vehicles
8. Plural ending
9. To the same extent
10. Tremble
11. The Bishop of Rome
12. Before
13. Boy's name
18. Long fish
22. Bridle straps
24. Belief
25. Annoy
28. England (abbr.)
30. Conjunction
31. Small green fruit eaten as relish
32. Discharged
34. Changed
36. Organ of hearing
37. Burn with hot water
38. Made a hole in
39. Finish
40. Part of a circle
41. Gave food to
43. To free of
45. Word occuring often in the Psalms—a musical sign
47. Pat suddenly
48. Drop down
51. Plump
54. Lends
55. Great
57. Spinning toy
58. Boy's name
59. Flower
60. Applaud
62. Flesh
64. Cleanser
65. Cloth Measure
66. Meadow
68. Cease to live
71. Point of compass
72. Short for "advertisement"
73. Naval Reserve (abbr.)

ANSWER IN NEXT ISSUE

BRAIN TEASER

Annie, the Apple-woman, began her day with a full basket of apples. The first customer bought half of all her apples, plus one half an apple. The second customer bought half of what was left, plus one-half an apple. The third customer bought half of what then remained, plus one half an apple. After this, Annie had no more apples.

Now Annie did not cut or break ony of the apples. How many apples did she start out with?

TELLING AGES

Here's how you can tell someone's age without actually asking him. Yes—and you can even throw in, for good measure, the month of his birth.

Ask your friend to write down (concealed from your view) the *number* of his birth-month . . . January being 1, February, 2, and so forth.

Next, tell him to double this number, and then to add 5. Then, to multiply the result by 50 and add his age. After this he is to subtract 365. Finally, to add 115 and give you the answer.

The two right-hand figures in the answer will tell you his age. The remaining figure or figures will tell you what month he was born in.

For example: If the answer came to 612, your friend would be 12 years old, born in the month of June.

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Mystery of the Limping Man

BY GRIFFIN JAY

What has gone before: Red, Bill, Tod, Fat, and Mike, members of the P. C. (Prevention of Crime) Club, are left alone at Red's Uncle Charley's cabin at Bird Lake when Uncle Charley, a railroad engineer, is called on an emergency run. Johnny Drake, author of detective stories, tells the boys that some peculiar activities are going on around Bird Lake and asks them to get a line on Tony Evans, a suspicious character whom they met on the train. The next day in town, Tony warns Mike that he and his friends should mind their own business. Back at the cabin, Mike is in disfavor because he learned nothing from Tony. On the way to Johnny's cottage, Red, Bill, Tod, and Fat meet a weird tramp who, they later learn, is "Ivan the Terrible." At the cottage, they find signs of a struggle in the kitchen, but no sign of Johnny. At the *Bird Lake Journal* they tell their story to Mr. Hardy, the editor, after he has sent Scoop, a sullen reporter, out of the room. Now go on with the story:

Part IV

After breakfast next morning, Bill suggested another look at Johnny's cottage.

Mike was happy. He was back where he wanted to be—in the confidence of his friends.

Mike didn't look up. He put his arms on his knees and his head on his arms. There wasn't a sound. After a time, Tod withdrew his hand and the four left softly.

Then Tod put his hand on Mike's shoulder and said, "Mike, you're coughing and you're flushed. It's raw out. Is it wise to come along? Besides, somebody should cover here. Something might happen; Mr. Hardy—or even Johnny—might call up or come over. You hold the fort, eh, Mike?"

In Mike's soul, at that moment, was born the resolve to prove himself as much a man as his friends. He didn't know how. He knew only that he would.

Just as the four reached Johnny's cottage, Ivan the Terrible passed them.

Johnny's cottage was just as they had left it. But they *had* missed something before—footprints in the flour. Bill studied them closely. "Funny!" he remarked. "Sometimes it's not a footprint, just a toe print."

After further study Bill took a bowl and filled it with flour from the burst sack. Going into the living room, he rolled back a rug, and sprinkled the flour until a part of the floor was one solid, white sheet.

Then he walked back and forth, back and forth, across the floured floor *as if he had suddenly hurt his foot or leg.*

"What hit *you*?" Red demanded.

"An idea," smiled Bill. "Look at those prints. Who made them?"

Fat replied, "You did."

Bill nodded. "Exactly. They were made by me, limping. And the prints in the kitchen were made by a limping man—but not by me."

Tod declared, "Bill, you're right. A limping man. But who?"

Bill shrugged. "That's the next step."

Before the fireplace Red found a small wad of slightly scorched white paper. Opened flat, it showed a variety of idly-drawn designs. One pattern—a triangle enclosing the number 3—outnumbered all the others.

It puzzled them. Tod pocketed it, saying, "Maybe it means something. We'll see."

It was dark when they reached their own cottage. Through the window they saw ruddy, cheery light from the open fire dancing on the living room walls.

"Mike's a good housekeeper at least," Red

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remarked.

Tod turned on him blazing: "Mike Fields has more real courage than all the rest of us together. And you know it, Red Stevens."

Red's eyes dropped. "I know it, Tod."

They went in. Uncle Charley was standing before the fire. He asked, "Where's Mike?"

There was no answer. "Well," said Uncle Charley, "don't you know? What have you lads been up to?"

Tod told all. When he had finished Uncle Charley said, "We have to find Mike."

At the sound of heavy steps and rough voices on the porch, Uncle Charley whirled and flung open the door. On one side stood Sheriff Turner, on the other a deputy sheriff, and in between stood Ivan the Terrible.

"Sorry to disturb you this way, Mr. Stevens," said the sheriff, "but this concerns you."

Prodding Ivan ahead of him, Sheriff Turner stepped inside and handed Mike's hunting knife to Uncle Charley.

"There's been a wave of petty thievery at Bird Lake lately. We suspected this fellow and this evening searched the old piano crate he calls home. The knife's all we found. He says one of the boys gave it to him this afternoon."

"Yes, yes, yes," burst in Ivan. "Small boy, thin boy, glass-eyed boy."

Despite his worry, Uncle Charley smiled. "You mean a boy with eye-glasses, don't you?"

Ivan nodded his head violently. "Ivan's English just like Ivan—not so pretty good," he said.

Uncle Charley asked, "Why did he give you the knife?"

More confident before Uncle Charley, Ivan replied, "Ivan give eye-glass boy news. News about Drake. Men tie Drake; carry him to automobile; automobile go away. Ivan see men before—at Camp Bracy by Crooked Lake."

The sheriff put in, "You've seen these men at Camp Bracy?"

Ivan gave the sheriff a curt nod. Uncle Charley said, "But Ivan, where's the boy?"

Ivan's eyes widened. "Not here?" he shouted. "Ivan leave boy here. Where? Where?"

Uncle Charley said quietly, "That's what we'd like to know. Here, Ivan, is the knife. The boy gave it to you. Keep it, and thanks."

So Ivan left, triumphant.

Uncle Charley said to the sheriff, "It would be just like Mike to go looking for Drake at Camp Bracy."

"I'll drive you over there," said the Sheriff.

The boys went to the door with them. Uncle Charley said, "There's someone in your car."

Turner looked at the car. "Oh, that's Scoop Tuttle, Hardy's man on the *Journal*. He always comes along to pick up what news he can. But never gets out of the car. Laziest man alive. Won't walk across the room if he can help it. Doesn't even walk—just sort of shuffles, or drifts, or glides. He wears a coat down to his ankles—you never see Scoop's legs move. A queer one is Scoop. Come on, Mr. Stevens."

Tod watched the car out of sight and stood alone thinking. After a moment he went into the house, saying, half aloud, "You never see Scoop's legs move. A queer one is Scoop."

Uncle Charley hadn't returned by dusk next day. He telephoned several times, but getting no word of Mike, continued the search around Crooked Lake.

The cottage was dull. Tod was at the small table studying their two samples of Johnny Drake's handwriting, meager samples—Johnny's card with the number 73 on the back; and the paper with the strange design.

"Say, Red," said Tod, "are there any telephone numbers around here with only two numerals?"

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"Sure," Red answered. "Why?"

"I am wondering about this 73 on Johnny's card. Get the telephone directory."

Red brought the book, commenting, "Even if 73 is a telephone number, how do you know it's Bird Lake 73?"

"A shot in the dark," said Tod, opening the thin book. Soon he read aloud, "Lake View Real Estate Company, Bird Lake 73."

"That's a little place on Lake Street," Red said. "Maybe Johnny rented his cottage there. It can't matter much."

Tod was pulling on his jacket. "The number mattered enough to Johnny for him to write it down. At least I want a look. Coming, Bill?"

The office of the Lake View Real Estate Company was on the ground floor. The lights were on and Tod and Bill looked through the large plate glass window. A girl at a desk seemed to be the only one present.

As the two entered, the girl looked up.

Tod said, "We came to see the president of the company."

The girl smiled softly. "I'm the president. In fact, I'm the company. I'm Lania Woods."

Tod introduced himself and Bill and then took a long chance. "We came to report some damage to Johnny Drake's cottage."

Tod's blind shot had hit. She owned the cottage. Very alert, she said, "I had dinner with Mr. Drake only the other night. He didn't mention any damage then. Why didn't he come himself?"

Tod looked at her sharply. "Because he's disappeared."

Lania was startled. "Disappeared! Then it's those jewel thieves! You know Johnny believed a gang of jewel thieves was working out of Bird Lake or near by."

Tod mused, "Bird Lake or near by. Look, Miss Woods, does this make sense to you?"

He showed her the paper with the strange, pencilled designs. She said, "It's Johnny's writing. And he always did that when he was thinking hard—it's called *doodling*. But those drawings mean nothing to me, and probably didn't to Johnny. Wait! That triangle enclosing the 3 —there's a big house called Three Corners over on Crooked Lake—a man who owned it used that triangle to mark all his property. A little

doctor with a foreign accent owns the place now."

Bill jumped up. "Tod," he said, "we have to locate Uncle Charley or the sheriff. This thing's beginning to boil."

Lania said to them as they started out, "Don't you boys get into trouble!"

Tod thanked her and said, "We're only going across the street to see Mr. Hardy."

The *Journal's* front office was deserted but from outside Tod and Bill could see Scoop Tuttle sitting in the rear, his back toward them. He was in his shirt sleeves.

"Just our luck," Bill moaned. "Mr. Hardy's probably gone home. That fellow Scoop's no good to us."

Tod put his hand on Bill's arm. "Maybe it's a good break. Bill, look! I'll stand here. It's dark. I can't be seen, but I can see everything. You go to the door and kick in one of those small panes of glass. Then run!"

Bill stared at him. "Are you crazy?"

"Bill, please, before it's too late."

Bill took his place slowly. Tod called softly, "Ready, Bill? All right! Kick!"

The glass crashed inside. Scoop Tuttle jumped as if shot and ran into the front office. Tod ran after Bill, but first he noted, beyond doubt, that Scoop Tuttle *limped*.

(*To be continued*)

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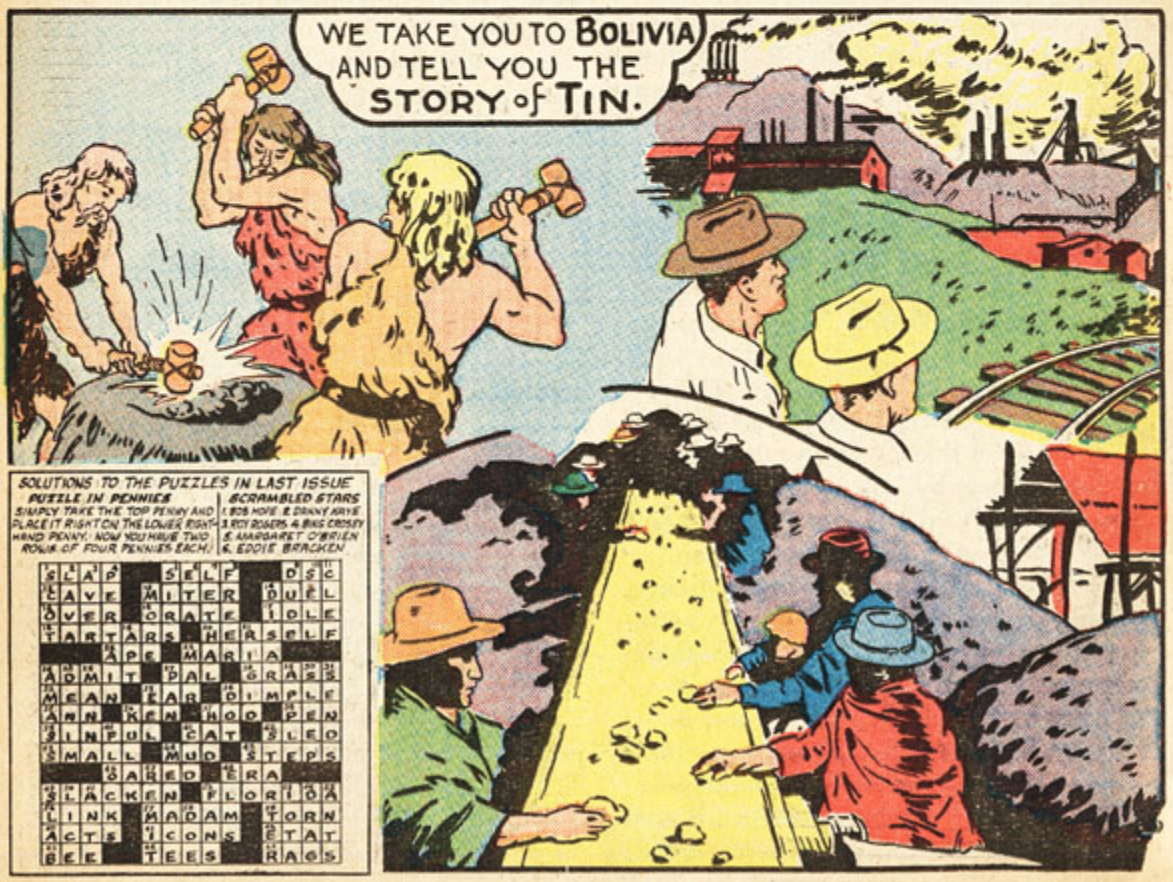
IN THE NEXT TREASURE CHEST WE HONOR MARY, QUEEN of MAY.



SOLUTIONS TO THE PUZZLES IN LAST ISSUE

PUZZLE IN PENNIES

SIMPLY TAKE THE TOP PENNY AND PLACE IT RIGHT ON THE LOWER RIGHT-HAND PENNY. NOW YOU HAVE TWO ROWS OF FOUR PENNIES EACH.

SCRAMBLED STARS

1. BOB HOPE 2. DANNY KAYE 3. ROY ROGERS 4. BING CROSBY 5. MARGARET O'BRIEN 6. EDDIE BRACKEN

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